THE

LADY'S

MONTHLY MUSEUM.

JULY, 1813.

MEMOIR OF MISS MARRIOT.

MISS MARRIOT, the lady who supports the principal characters in tragedy, at the Theatre-Royal, Covent-Garden, is the daughter of the late Mr. Marriot, a coach-maker, who resided at John-street, Fitzroy-square, and in Long-acre. Associating with the principal actors of his day, Mr. Marriot became a dramatic enthusiast; this enthusiasm was imbibed also by his daughter, who, on her evincing a predilection for the stage, was presented by her father to the late Mr. King, for his opinion of her talents; the favourable sentiments of this venerable actor stimulated her to proceed as a candidate for theatrical fame, and she accordingly commenced her career in that arduous profession.

Miss Marriot made her first appearance at the Bath Theatre, in the year 1801, where she was received with the most flattering encouragement. We perfectly remember witnessing the *debut* of this lady, in September, 1802, at Covent-Garden Theatre, in the character of Clarinda, in the "Suspicious Husband;" and at that time she sus-

tained the lighter characters of comedy. From the metropolitan theatre, she displayed the wide range of her abilities at several principal provincial theatres, and afterwards returned to Bath, at which city she remained several years, until her re-engagement at Covent-Garden Theatre, which took place at the commencement of the present season.

Although Miss Marriot has maintained an unsullied reputation, in a profession which stamps with publicity every action of the lives of those who pursue it, this lady has, by her many amiable and domestic qualities, escaped the many-tongued trumpet of rumour; and, occupied in the study of the histrionic art, her life has exhibited no violent changes, nor extraordinary incidents, except such as are detailed in this simple record, which the biographer feels it a duty to present to the readers of the Lady's Monthly Museum.

C.

FILIAL PIETY.

It is pleasing to note examples of female affection. A young lady, the daughter of one Cimon, having had leave to visit her mother, sentenced to be immured and starved to death, moved her keeper by her tears to such a degree of compassion, that he permitted her to converse with her some hours every day, untill she should expire. The keeper, wondering that this lady should live so long without nourishment, discovered at last that her daughter suckled her with her breast, as before she had been suckled by hers. The effect of it was so wonderful, that the Prætor, having detailed the circumstance to the Senate, the sentence of death was recalled, and the prisoner had her life given her on the account of her daughter's exemplary Piety.

ULLA, A VISION.

How eager is the mind of man in the pursuit of pleasure; how many grasp at its empty shadow, and fancy it happiness; how various are its sources, that life presents to the eye, yet, when possessed, how fallacious are its enjoyments; it intoxicates with its glare, and serves but to lull the unthinking mind into forgetfulness; it usurps the throne of reason and peace, and stifles, perhaps, for a moment, the rude throb that would otherwise awaken in the guilty breast a feeling of remorse; it is a phantom which only dazzles when pursued, and an airy vapour when overtaken; yet such is the credulity which governs our actions, that no sooner does one object disappear, than we pursue others, still more delusive, that are ever floating before our heated imaginations.

These were the reflections of Ulla, as he endeavoured to proceed on his journey; the locks of youth still played in ringlets on his forehead, yet the tear trickled from his dark eyes, and deep foreboding anxiety was powerfully expressed on his countenance. He was leaving for ever the scenes where his earliest years had strayed in uninterrupted delight, and his hours had fled by, unclouded by care or affliction; but the guardian of his youth had sought a lasting place in Paradise, and his dying blessing was the only comfort he left to the dejected Ulla, who still lingered near the spot, until the day's sultry influence prevented his proceeding farther on his way. He gained an eminence, where, joined to the fragrant shade of the trees that crowned its sides, the breezes played with cool refreshing airs. It was here that his past preceptor had often instilled the divine truths of reason and philosophy into his mind. Buried in these reflections, his thoughts wandered on the vicissitudes of life which he must now

encounter: he had lived remote from all its pleasures and dissipations, and knew its frailties but by name. He wept for the kind hand that had fostered his infancy and youth to years of age and manhood, but he was fled for ever! Oppressed with grief, he sunk into a profound sleep. Imagination now played on his mind in gayer colours: he was straying with sportive glee beside a crystal stream, which rippled over a bed of pebbles, and reflected to the sun innumerable rays of light; its banks were crowned with flowers of the sweetest dye and odour, and the breath of earliest morn played between the variegated foliage that crowned its sides. He wandered on in seeming delight; often would he stop to pluck some simple flower that opened to his view, and he decked his head with a fragrant wreath which he had gathered in his way. Now, often would delicious fruit, suspended in clusters from the trees, tempt his eye, but they were far beyond his reach; yet, even whilst wandering amidst every beauty and delight, the sigh still stole from his bosom for others which he could not possess. The simple berries by his side, although decked in colours equally as gay, he passed by unheeded, to gaze, with fond desire, on those that were unattainable. The stream now began gradually to expand; its sides presented greater variety, and it glided along its winding course, still and deep. Innumerable groups were dancing on its banks, with unwonted delight; the fruit became more within his reach, but many that he had plucked were bitter to the taste; and the flowers, although when first seen, they looked more beautiful, yet possessed not that fragrance they did before. The scenery now glowed with increased splendour and beauty, yet disappointment displayed itself in every object that caught his view. He was plucking a flower from the ground, which had attracted his attention, when he was struck at beholding a snake, writhing round its stem: he darted on, with disappointment, when his ear caught the melting notes of a bird, which filled the grove around

with harmony; it hopped from twig to twig, with fearless, unsuspecting eye, when, plucking a berry which tempted its gaze, it fluttered awhile in agony, and died. The soul of Ulla was roused almost to desperation, yet he saw others, who appeared to be sporting in the rays of happiness; they heeded not his misery: he was nigh resigning his life without regret, when the sounds of music and pleasure roused him from the lethargy into which he was fallen; he looked around, and beheld a boat gliding smoothly with the stream; in her were numbers decked with roseate garlands, and dancing with mirthful glee to the minstrels, who struck the sweetest chords of harmony; care seemed banished from their brow, and joy was rudely stamped upon their foreheads. He was solicited to join them, and, as the path along the banks now became more rugged and uneven, he cheerfully accepted their offer. He entered into their sports, and quaffed the flowing goblet with delight; his care and sorrows became forgotten, and his moments passed by in riotous pleasure; reflection was lulled amidst the revels of the scene, nor were the beauties of the surrounding scenery any longer observed with an eye of delight. They launched farther out into the deeps of excess, and were borne along heedless by the rapidity of the current, without once directing the vessel's course, until, awakened by the prospect of being irretrievably dashed down a vast precipice, efforts were vain to stem the force of the tide. On all sides were misery and despair. Suspended over their heads were huge fragments of rocks, that seemed threatening to crush them with their fall; before them was the roar of waters, dashing over the steep, and falling amidst a hundred cataracts into an unknown gulph, intermingled with the cries of others, who had been hurried on before them to a like fate. They were roused for a while to desperation, but their struggles became now more impotent against that fate to which they were hastening by the increased velocity of the tide. They were tottering on the brink, in

almost senseless agony, when Ulla grasped in despair the garment of an old man, who had hitherto remained unnoticed by his side: he was casting his supplicating eyes to heaven, for the last time, when he recognised in the old man's face the venerable monitor of his youth. In sinking into his arms in a delirium, the scene vanished from before him, and he found himself transported to a shady grove, when his early guardian addressed him in these words:—"Ulla, beware; thou hast seen life; avoid the snares of pleasure, which tempt the eye of youth with pleasing charms and variety, but when possessed, it is empty, or pregnant only with disappointment; dangerous is its path, for often man's blighted hopes hurry him along to scenes of dissipation and excess, till at length he is borne irresistibly down the precipice of ruin and destruction." Ulla was again clasping his faithful mentor in his arms, when he vanished, and, in the surprise, sleep forsook his eyelids. He arose; the sun had nearly paced the arch of heaven; he pondered with rapt attention on his vision, and pursued his journey with his wonted speed.

OSMOND.

THE GOSSIPER.

NO. XXV.

ELVIRA; OR, THE UNHAPPY UNION;

A TALE, FROM THE SPANISH.

ALTHOUGH the insufficiency of riches to confer happiness has, in all ages, employed the pen of the moralist and the divine, we daily see people endeavouring to form splendid alliances for their children, without any regard to their comfort or inclinations. And though experience

proves the impolicy of such proceeding, and the wickedness of sacrificing their offspring in marriage to their avarice or their vanity, instances repeatedly occur of parents, infatuated with equipage and shew, who would rather see their children possessing affluence and authority, than happiness and virtue.

In a pleasant village, about fifteen leagues from Madrid, lived a lady named Louisa. She was blessed with two daughters, Elvira and Jacintha, and possessed in them all that felicity which the fondest mother can receive from the best of children. Her chief desire was to see them well disposed of in the world. Their birth, fortune, and fine accomplishments, would not suffer them long to be concealed: Don Alonzo, a gentleman of a noble family and large estate, addressed the eldest, very much to the satisfaction of Louisa, who could scarcely expect a match so advantageous for her daughter. Elvira, who, with much sweetness of temper, had a great share of good sense, was for delaying the marriage, till she might have some knowledge of Alonzo's disposition. She told her mother, that, in her opinion, riches could not produce happiness; but Louisa's prudence overruling these sentiments, she hastened the union as fast as possible, and having secured an ample provision for her daughter, in case of Alonzo's death, she thought herself completely happy.

Some little while after, a strange accident brought Don Carlos into the family: he was a gentleman of fine parts, but in fortune, by no means equal to Jacintha. Being entertained with the most friendly hospitality, amidst the many hours that they passed together, their tempers, pursuits, and aversions, so exactly corresponded, that something more than friendship insensibly stole upon them. Each seemed to be the picture and reflection of the other, and they flattered themselves, that if ever hearts were paired in heaven, their's were undoubtedly united.

Louisa was alarmed, and exerted herself to save her daughter from the impending ruin. Jacintha was too duteous, too tender of her mother's peace, to act in contradiction to her commands, and Carlos disdained so ungenerous a return to Louisa's hospitality, as to steal her daughter from her. For these reasons, they tore themselves from one another, and mourned in absence their mutual loss. Still, whenever they thought upon Louisa, the only opposer of their happiness, duty and gratitude silenced their upbraidings, and ameliorated their complaints. The generous Jacintha, constant in her affection to her beloved Carlos, did not fail to importune her mother daily in his behalf, who constantly reminded her of the danger of marrying a man who had no other dependance than a precarious place at court. Jacintha, however, thought that her own fortune would afford them a genteel and sufficient maintenance, and conceived that nothing ought to be more desirable than to be a happy wife, though Louisa's ambition was to have her a rich widow.

In the mean time, Don Carlos passed all his days in melancholy, and was almost shrunk into a shadow of himself, when Louisa, in compliance with her daughter's importunity, and in compassion to a person who had no other crime but inviolable love, with much reluctance, yielded her consent. They were married; but the transports which the young couple found together were so little relished by the careful mother, that, to divert herself from the thought of them, she soon departed for Madrid, in order to spend her life with her son Alonzo, and the thrice happy Elvira. A few days after, Jacintha went to visit her rich sister, and took her husband with her. The grandeur of the house surprised them: a large court before it had two circular wings of piazzas below, and ballustrades above. By a large flight of marble steps, they ascended the great hall, and were conducted through the saloon, into a room of state, most costly furnished.

Here, being left together, Carlos could not help blushing, when he looked upon Jacintha, taking all the magnificence which appeared before them as a reproach upon himself, who was unable to provide for her those numerous blessings which Alonzo showered down upon her sister. Jacintha, who observed him, suspecting the kind cause of his confusion, relieved him with an easy smile, and an undissembled cheerfulness; when an immoderate laugh, in an adjoining apartment, seemed to speak the felicity which the possessors of that delightful seat enjoyed. It was not long ere Elvira appeared, and the sight of her sister gave her an uncommon satisfaction. After the first compliments, the visitants failed not to express their joy at her good fortune, and the happiness that her merits had raised her to, in so excellent a husband as Alonzo, with circumstances so plentiful, a palace so magnificent, a retinue so numerous, and friends so cheerful. Elvira could not contain herself, but, bursting into tears, exclaimed, "Oh! do not mock my misery, Jacintha! You see in me the veriest wretch that ever mourned in wedlock: prudence joined our hands before love had touched our hearts; but the event too sadly proves the crime, and folly both, of making a merchandize of marriage. Alonzo, it is true, has large possessions; but I, alas! am not mistress of him nor them: I have no more command of the gold in his coffers, than if it still continued in the mountains of Peru. A profuseness, indeed, spreads my table; but how much more satisfaction, Jacintha, did the less costly viands, which we used to prepare ourselves, afford! Besides, the peace that used to smile at every meal, is changed into the noisy laugh of drunkards, and loose discourse of wantons: these were the cheerful friends you mentioned; I have none but such to converse with. My attendants are not servants, but spies, guards, and enemies; it is a crime in them to be obliging to me, though few have had the courage to risk displea-

sure on that account. Judge, now, how agreeable my condition is. The stately appearance of the house, I am sick and weary of; and the poor woman at the gate, there, sees and enjoys it more than I do, though, perhaps, the silly creature is so inconsiderate as to envy me." Jacintha was so concerned at this recital, that she could not speak; and Carlos, to wave the melancholy subject, asked for Louisa and her little son: "Their company, madam," says he, "must be a great relief to you, amidst these calamities." "Ah! Don Carlos," replied Elvira, "I must no more know comfort: the curse of marrying without heaven's directions pursues me through every circumstance of life. It is but seldom I can see my poor boy: he has already learnt to despise his mother, and lives the miserable monument of his father's vices, which he bids fair to inherit. Louisa, whom you expected here, my husband's brutality drove away a few days since; and she is now retired, with an inexpressible load of sorrow, to think what her too ambitious views have brought me to. The only reason why Alonzo married me, was, that my fortune might discharge an incumbrance upon his estate. That turn served, he looks on me as a mercenary wretch, who sold myself by marriage, and treats me like a slave." Don Carlos and Jacintha greatly pitied the unfortunate Elvira, and retired, just before night, to a small habitation which they had hired, not far distant from the city.

Louisa spent her life in solitude, under the bitter remorse of having persuaded her eldest daughter into ruin, and the sorrowful apprehension of what she imagined Jacintha's imprudence had drawn upon herself. For some years she did not see her; and at last resolved on an unexpected visit, that she might surprise her in her true and undisguised manner of life. She arrived one evening, and was conducted by a servant, without notice, at her request, into the garden; where, unobserved, she

beheld the loving pair, sitting under an alcove of jessamines; Jacintha employed in needle-work, and Carlos entertaining her with the merry works of the immortal Cervantes. So soon as Louisa discovered herself, she was received with such a graceful transport and cheerfulness, that spoke sincere affection. After entertaining her some time with the agreeableness of the garden, they were called to a supper no less simple than elegant; the attendants looked rather like humble friends than servants; respect and satisfaction appeared in every countenance; and, to make up the family of love, two sons and one little daughter completed their felicity. In short, happy tempers, well suited to each other, a moderate fortune, and a pleasant habitation, furnished them with more real enjoyment than all Alonzo's treasures could produce.

The king's favour afterwards raised Carlos to a more advantageous employment; so that, by his good conduct, and Heaven's blessing, he became possessor of more wealth than he thought it convenient for his children to share. In the lapse of time, he found a melancholy opportunity of disposing of the overplus. Alonzo's extravagant way of living threw him into great straights; out of which, to recover himself, he pursued such measures, as made his life a sacrifice to the laws, and his estate a forfeiture to the crown; so that Elvira was left a destitute and miserable widow. The will of fate, however, soon closed her sufferings, and her son dying, one daughter remained to deplore her loss. Carlos took home his little niece, as a companion for his daughter, gave her an equal fortune, and, what was still of greater consequence, educated her like his own. Louisa, cured of her blind ambition, spent the evening of her life with Carlos, in all the tranquillity which peace, affluence, and innocence, could give. She died in a good old age, and the fortune she was possessed of descended to her family. Carlos soon after followed her, and left Jacintha the richest widow in the neighbour-

hood. She would never marry again, but devoted herself to the memory of her beloved Carlos, whose loss was compensated, as much as possible, by the affection, obedience, and prosperity of her children.

CLIO.

VIRTUE TRIUMPHANT OVER BEAUTY.

The following extraordinary instance of female chastity is worthy of record:—

The princess Mirandole, who excelled in beauty, and other accomplishments, all the ladies of her age, resisted the pressing solicitations of the Corsair, Barbarossa, at the time that he brought auxiliary troops to the assistance of Francis I. at the siege of Nice; and calling to mind the several pious instructions and religious notions which she had imbibed in her education, that innocence and honour were the most precious jewels a virtuous woman could possess in this world, she boldly rejected all his offers; and one day, whether out of the affection that she bore to Soliman, or the apprehension of falling into the hands of that pirate, she broke out into this exclamation. "Oh! cruel Beauty! must thou thus lay snares for thy own undoing, and, being an enemy to my felicity, must thou maliciously make use of thy arms to procure my ruin? know that it is in my power to be revenged of thy treachery, and to prevent the misfortunes which I am in danger of falling into through thy vanity." And when she had said these words, she thrust her head into a bush of thorns, behind which she was concealed, by which means, disfiguring her face, she no longer was that beautiful Princess, whose charms had captivated the ruthless chieftain.

THE MORALIST.

NO. V.

ON OUR SEARCH AFTER HAPPINESS.

"Plant of celestial seed, if dropt below,
Say in what mortal soil thou deign'st to grow.
* * * * * * * * * *
Where grows? Where grows it not? If vain our toil,
We ought to blame the culture, not the soil."

POPE.

Happiness is the sole end and aim of all our pursuits, and as soon as reason assumes her empire over the mind, we search after it as our chief good; but experience daily tells us that success but seldom attends our efforts, which leads us to suppose that this plant of celestial seed has never yet deigned to take root in the thorny soil of this life. I myself am apt to believe with the poet, that our failure is more owing to the improper manner of searching for, and cultivating it, than the total impossibility of possessing it; and I fear we frequently pursue a phantom which only leads us farther and farther from the true object of our desires. Numerous, indeed, are the paths which seem to lead to this much wished for blessing; and every one almost takes that which he supposes may conduct him soonest to the goal. The following characters may, in some degree, point out those paths which lead to disappointment, and also direct the inquirer the most certain method of obtaining his wish.

Avaro has arrived at the age of threescore and ten; and all those years of existence have been spent in a diligent search for happiness. Noble endeavours! praiseworthy efforts! sure such indefatigable perseverance has met with its deserved success. Alas! no; Avaro

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is the most miserable of men; he has pursued an *ignis fatuus*, which, disguised in the semblance of happiness, has plunged him into an abyss of distress. Early in life, he made riches his object; hoards after hoards did he amass; and in the Temple of Plutus he hoped to find happiness concealed. The more he got, the more he wanted; another hundred, and then I will build an hospital, says he; another thousand comes, and his purpose is yet unperformed.

He never married; he is a professed woman-hater; a wife would lead him into irrecoverable expences. He is now on his death-bed; no tear is shed over his anguish; no children ask his parting blessing; no loving wife smooths his pillow, and beguiles the agonies of death; he sinks to the grave unpitied, amidst the curses of his servants and neighbours; he feels his situation, and exclaims—"Fool that I have been to place my happiness in worldly concerns! How have I been disappointed! Now, for the first time, he thinks seriously on a future state, and trembles for his reception in the world of spirits;—in hopes of making his peace with heaven, he sends instantly for his solicitor, determined to leave half his fortune to be employed in charitable uses. Before the will is made, he breathes his last. Happiness dwells not with such.

Lothario is possessed, in the prime of youth, of an immense fortune; health attends him; but yet he is a stranger to happiness. He fears a female, who has long been the object of his affections, may despise him. Long has he watched every motion, every look, every expression, of the prudish Arabella; and not one circumstance has escaped her which could lead him to suppose he possesses the smallest share in her thoughts; and he becomes perfectly miserable. He places the height of his happiness, the summit of his hopes on her. Could he but become possessed of his Arabella, he is certain he should be for ever happy, completely happy. He dis-

closes his passion, is heard, and, in a short time, is married. The summit of his hopes, the height of his happiness, is arrived; and for a time,—alas! a very short time,—he finds his hopes realized. A few weeks pass on in uninterrupted enjoyment; but he daily perceives faults in the wife which, in the warmth of his passion, he overlooked during courtship; and, in a month or two, he awakes from his delusion, and discovers he has been led by his enthusiasm into the midst of a labyrinth from which there is no escaping. His brother, Anthony, perceiving his distress, determined to shun the cause of his discomfiture. An equal property was divided between them, and Anthony resolved to search for happiness in the paths of pleasure; to avoid the rock his brother had split upon, and, in the spirit of gallantry, to follow the example of

"Those lawless libertines, who rove
Free and unbounded through the wilds of love."

He, however, soon discovered that midnight revels and drunken riots, ill accorded with his constitution; and in no wise balanced the aching head and sickness that ensued. Still he persisted in his resolution of pursuing a dissolute course; and, in the end, became the prey of sharpers, gamblers, and demireps. These characters have widely mistaken the path of happiness; let me now point out one, where the heart more than the head continually leads the wanderer from the shadow of contentment. Marcus is the victim of sensibility; with a heart alive to all the sentiments of honour and honesty, he finds almost every one treats his opinions with contempt; he sees the frauds and artifices of the world, and is ashamed to mingle with it. If he seeks pleasure in company, the conversation turns on sublunary concerns, and he is disgusted at the coarseness and carelessness with which matters of the highest consequence are mentioned. If he seeks peace in the temple of the most

High, even there his feelings are wounded; and displeased with the rant and pomposity of the preacher, which he attributes more to vanity than devotion, he shuts himself up in his closet, and, though unconscious of guilt, is equally remote from the attainment of happiness.

Yet, I trust, the following and last character will demonstrate the possibility of experiencing this blessing, so seldom to be found.

Edward Montalban is a clergyman, small are his means, yet economy produces him plenty; no sooner did he find himself settled with a competence than he selected for a wife, a lady gifted with every personal and mental endowment; and children blest their marriage. Enjoying the medium between affluence and poverty, he can feel for the miseries of his fellow creatures, and give his mite towards relieving their distresses. Many calamities have befallen him, yet he repines not; he is sensible that the Supreme Being alone knows what is best for man; who, by assuming the reins of fate, would blindly guide himself to destruction: he hates not the world, because he is certain, amidst much evil that much good may yet be found; he reposes at night on his pillow with a grateful and contented heart; and is a rare but living example of that true maxim, "To be good is to be happy."

RIPPON PORTER.

BON MOT.

THE Spanish Ambassador, soliciting Alexander VIII. to declare himself against France, represented the Most Christian King as unable to resist his enemies, as he could no longer find subsistence for his troops. "I believe it," said the Pope; "for his neighbours find it for them."

HARRIET;

OR, THE NOVICE;

A CAUTIONARY TALE, FOUNDED UPON FACTS.

CHAP. I.

In which we commence our Narrative.

"HARRIET," said Mrs. Seabright, one morning, to her daughter, as they loitered at the breakfast-table, "is it possible that Mrs. West has still the same attractions as when you were a girl? Have no other pleasures penetrated into your imagination, but those which are centered in a boarding-school? Surely, the idea of liberty would, methinks, make you prefer your mother's roof; consider, you are now *sixteen*; it is time you saw a little of the *beau monde*; before I was your age, I had two or three admirers at my feet."—At the word *admirers*, Harriet ventured to look at her mother, with a mixture of pleasure and embarrassment, while this imprudent parent, with great volubility, was delivering an eulogium upon a masquerade, and other fashionable amusements, which are but too often the labyrinths of error, and the vortex of dissipation.

Mrs. Seabright, in proceeding to urge the impropriety of her remaining at home, was interrupted by her daughter putting on a "pretty pout," an expedient which seldom failed of its desired effect on Mrs. Seabright, who now was induced, though unwillingly, to promise that Harriet should return to the seminary of Mrs. West.

Harriet Seabright was rather more than sixteen; to a common observer she would have appeared older, but for the simplicity of her manners. She was about the middle height, and, though by no means a regular beauty, her

features were extremely interesting. Her figure was of the Grecian contour, with the airiness of a sylph. These perfections, united to a disposition at once lively and innocent, notwithstanding her mental endowments were not of the highest kind, rendered her an object of much attraction.

Harriet loved her mother, but her days when at home passed heavily and reluctantly. The loss of the company of Lavinia Clifford, a play-mate of the same age, was obliged to be supplied by a little pug-dog, named Cora, who had been presented to her mother by Major Martin.

Mrs. Seabright was a lady of the new school, and priding herself in making Harriet her disciple, the poor girl was continually annoyed by modern restrictions: her manners and actions were a constant source of reproach, on the one hand, and of uneasiness, on the other. She was not to sit near the fire, for fear of spoiling her eyes; nor to go into the sun, lest she should hurt her complexion. When she had company, she was seated to the harp, or piano, in order to display her attainments before people who had no taste for music, as if her existence depended on her becoming a public performer; and was obliged to run over *solos* and *bravuras*, till her fingers refused their execution, and her voice became hoarse in exhibiting its compass and flexibility.

To a female of Harriet's disposition, such a task was extremely unpleasant; for though she received many a high-flown compliment which she did not understand from the gentlemen, they only proved a source of torment to her, from the sensations they produced; and very willingly would she have left the society she had been introduced to, long before the evening was concluded, for the solace of her own pillow, or the playfulness of her friend Cora. Oh, childhood! envied state of innocence and peace, when the most trifling circumstances can please, and when all your hours are guiltless, why do you vanish so soon!

Harriet arose the next morning charmed with the idea of seeing her friend Clifford; but the breakfast concluded, and the school paraphernalia ready, the thought of leaving her mother rushed into her mind. She hung about Mrs. Seabright's neck, kissed her, and sobbed farewell twenty times; so that an indifferent observer would have conceived, that, instead of going a few miles, she was preparing for a voyage, in which distance and danger might preclude the hope of her ever seeing her mother again; at length, saluting her pet Cora, who appeared quite an indifferent spectator of the scene, she, with eyes swimming in tears, took the servant's arm, and set out for Nelson House.

We shall not engage the attention of our readers, by relating what passed in their way to the school, the charge that Harriet gave about her pet Cora, nor describe her very visible satisfaction when the house appeared in sight, how she was there received, or how she acted; suffice it to say, that having rendered herself perfect in every useful and fashionable acquisition, the time revolved when the regularity of a school was again to be exchanged for the freedom of a mother's roof, at which period we resume our narrative.

At Harriet's age, a few months make considerable alteration; and she returned to her parent more charming than ever. Those beauties which a little time before were opening to the view, were now more matured; the rosebud was becoming a full-blown flower, and shed around its balmy odours. Independent of this, during her residence at school, she had lost much of that *mauvaise honte* which had been the source of so much uneasiness to Mrs. Seabright; and having been, according to her desire, somewhat more introduced into fashionable company, she acquired so much ease and gracefulness of deportment, that her mother now beheld in her, with a mixture of envy and concern, a daughter who bid fair to become a formidable rival.

Mrs. Seabright was about fifty years of age, but, for her ingenuity in *colouring*, she might have passed very well for ten years younger; she was what is generally called a fine figure, and possessed a countenance by no means wanting in expression. Our readers may probably recollect our mentioning a Major Martin; he was, though near twenty years her junior, one of the most assiduous of Mrs. Seabright's admirers; but since the return of Harriet, she saw with pain, that he was no longer solicitous to please her, and that her daughter engrossed all those attentions to which she conceived she had a claim. Her pride, that took the alarm, prevented her from noticing it to him; but she fully determined within her own bosom, that, at the expiration of the vacation, instead of wishing her daughter to remain at home, as she had intended, that Harriet should once more return to Mrs. West's. Chance, however, stept in to Mrs. Seabright's aid, by the receipt of a note from Lady Carruthers, begging Mrs. Seabright's permission to suffer Miss Harriet to pass a week with her at Bushy Park, to which her mother gladly consented; and, notwithstanding her daughter evinced many strong objections, and assumed many pettish airs, the following week was decidedly fixed for her departure.

Harriet had now arrived at an age in which all the powers of the mind begin to expand, at an age in which pleasure begins to appear in all its fascinating colours, and inflexible, indeed, must that young mind be, that can altogether resist its flattering influence. Many, we are told, there are, who have escaped its baneful contagion; but let not those who are incapable of enjoyment, take to themselves merit which is not their due, nor claim a superiority over the heart that is alive to the finest feelings of sensibility. We are told, that those who possess passions are gifted with reason in an equal degree; but, alas! how many instances do we witness, in which the most sensible persons, and many who have not the excuse

of youth to cover their errors, for want of proper exertion, suffer themselves to be borne down in their inclinations like a torrent, without the power of calling upon Wisdom to stem its rapidity.

The idol of Mrs. Seabright's mind, and to which she had made many sacrifices, was Pleasure; not that pure and refined sensation, which strews flowers in the thorny path of life, those unfading sweets which are ever attendant upon a good conscience, and awakens those innocent recreations, which help to make our time pass away harmlessly and cheerfully, and which, indeed, is only worthy the name of Pleasure; her's was mere dissipation, an incessant desire for those expensive and frivolous amusements, which produce no real satisfaction in the attainment, and when possessed, leave a vacuum in the mind; such, indeed, was the mother of Harriet, and persons of congenial tempers were her associates; we will not prostitute the name, by calling them her friends.

Is it then surprising, in the course of time, if Harriet imbibed some portion of the delicious poison from her mother's example? At this moment she was guiltless, and, consequently, happy. Innocence shed her ambrosial dew upon her by day, and peace her magic influence by night. Had a plant so lovely and so pliant been properly cultivated, it might have been an ornament to the garden of life, but unskilfully nurtured, and exposed to every ill, it is to be feared that storms may destroy its innate sweetness, or blights lay it level with the rankest weed. Plastic as wax, yielding as the mould in the hand of the artist, and ready to take any impression that should offer, such we find Harriet, at Lady Carruthers'.

(To be continued.)

ON THE PRIDE OF TALENT.

"To this man will I look, saith the Lord, who is of an humble spirit."

"I take it to be the greatest instance of a noble mind to bear great qualities without discovering in a man's behaviour any consciousness that he is superior to the rest of the world."

SPECTATOR.

ALTHOUGH there is no passion so unreasonable, nor so inimical to the happiness of mankind, as Pride; nor any so displeasing in the sight of God, who hath expressly said, that "he resisteth the proud spirit, but giveth grace to the humble," yet there is none so universally prevalent. It is found in the bosom of the meanest possessor of the meanest cottage, as well as beneath the cumbrous trappings of regal splendour. As it is, however, naturally, the offspring of a contracted and earthly mind, it might have been supposed, that a certain class of men, if not entirely exempt from, would be at least less subject than others to its malignant influence. Yet it does not appear, that the man of genius, whose superior grasp of intellect, while it enables him to soar through "the dim-discovered tracts of mind," should lift him far above the prejudices of the crowd, is less the slave of pride, than he who builds his consequence on the possession of a chariot, or the golden contents of his coffers. On the contrary, it would seem, that the possessor of genius, and of talent, too often overlooks, or mistakes, the end for which those distinguished blessings have been bestowed upon him; that he forgets where it hath been said, "of him to whom much is given, much shall be required; and that, "the more talents and good qualities we have received, the more

humble we ought to be, because we have the less merit in doing right."

If we accompany the man of genius into the retired walks of domestic life, where, and where only, as it has been observed long ago, the real character is unfolded, we shall too soon have reason to acknowledge the justice of these remarks. Alas! how many an affectionate heart, and generous bosom, shall we find there, chilled by the sneer of contempt, the scowl of disdain, the supercilious air, the haughty silence, or the sarcastic retort! How often shall we perceive the smiles of maternal tenderness, and the amiable assiduities of sisterly affection, repaid by the pout of conceit, or that sullen and disgusting sort of self-complacency, which seems to acknowledge them only as its due? And, finally, how often the dilating kindness of a father's heart repelled by a gloomy reserve, or churlish contradiction, and its keenest, warmest solicitudes, thwarted and augmented by perverse arrogance? When he condescends to converse, it is not the worst if we are compelled to assent to the truth of the remark, that the conversation of men of learning and ability is rarely of the edifying and intellectual nature which might be expected. For, unprecedented as may be the assertion, when applied to the male sex, it is, nevertheless, true, that we should seldom find the stream flow for any length of time untainted by *detraction*. And when literary rivalship, party politics, or the clashing of private interests, present no proper object for the squibs of satire, the pious and the worthy, the best ornaments of society, are ever ready at hand, to be transferred, in succession, to the list of brutes, of fools, or of dunces, or held up as marks, at which to lance the bitterest shafts of ridicule.

Nor let it be urged, that allowances are to be made for the man who may unavoidably be compelled to associate with the mean, the sordid, or the ignorant, but who is himself conscious of exemption from their vices, and of possessing abilities and endowments which greatly dis-

tinguish him from those by whom he is surrounded. For though it is readily granted that allowances are to be made for the frailties of human nature, by those who are themselves human, and therefore frail, yet such indulgence is by no means to be confined to any particular set of men. All are alike called upon, in their journey through life, to cultivate and exercise the virtues of forbearance and charity. He, therefore, who may be placed in circumstances similar to the above, should consider, that superiority of understanding and knowledge, so far from cancelling the obligations of duty, do but render the neglect of them more culpable. And let him look up to, and follow the example of, one who was, indeed, the true Child of Genius, yet than whom "it was impossible for man to be more tenderly patient of the faults of others, more uniformly meek, or more unaffectedly humble." I allude to Henry Kirke White.

Such is the inconsistency of man, that it often happens, that he who can, in strains of pathetic sweetness, mourn over the infirmities of our nature, and deplore the pride, the blindness, and the presumption of his fellow mortals, is himself a living instance of those very infirmities, unsubdued by piety, unchastised by self-controul. And while he delineates, in glowing colours, the joys of friendship, and the pleasures of domestic retirement, is, perhaps, the secret bane of those very pleasures to others.

Much has been said of the right which genius and learning have to the respect and homage of the world. But they can have none which virtue, in the extended sense of the term, does not confer upon them. It is justly and eloquently observed by Dr. Brown,* that "talents disjoined from kindness, meekness, and charity, are not those glorious luminaries that shed their benignant influence on earth, but the glaring lightning, that alarms, and blasts, and ravages, whatever is placed in its way."

* *Vide* Sermons by Dr. Wm. Lawrence Brown, D. D.

Let him, then, remember, who may be so gifted by his gracious Creator, that talents are given to man, not for his own glory, but for the glory of God; not to invest him with a greater power, to become the tormentor and oppressor of his fellow-creatures, but to render him, in a superior degree, their benefactor and instructor. Let him remember, that respect and admiration can be claimed by genius only when attended by charity, humility, and piety; and that, destitute of these, its possessor is but a living monument of his Maker's munificence, and of man's disgrace."

May, 1813. A.

HAPPY REPLY.

The Abbé de Villeroi, not having been able to prevail upon the canons of Lyons to receive him into their Chapter, the King made him Archbishop of the City; when the Chapter rendered him the accustomed honours. Villeroi, mindful of his late discomfiture, and vain of his present exaltation, said to them, in the words of the Psalmist: *Lapidem quem reprobaverunt ædificantes, hic factus est in caput anguli.*—"The same stone which the builders refused is become the head-stone in the corner." When one of the canons immediately replied: *A Domino factum est istud, et est mirabile oculis nostris.*—"This is the Lord's doing, and it is wonderful in our eyes."

INGENUOUS CONDUCT.

A witty Italian gentleman found Cardinal Salviati playing at draughts with his almoner, and disputing eagerly about a move; the bye-standers were silent, and it was left to him to decide. Before he allowed them to explain the matter, he said, "I give my opinion against his Eminence; for if he had not been in the wrong, you would already have given your's against his adversary."

IMPORTANCE OF TALENTS,

WHEN DEVOTED TO VIRTUE, EXEMPLIFIED BY THE WRITINGS OF GELLERT.

When men of genius and education cultivate in their writings the love of piety and virtue, they become useful to others, without being conscious of it themselves; they frequently inspire the most lively sensations in noble and generous minds, and incite them to the brightest acts of gratitude and beneficence. Of the truth of this sentiment, the works of Gellert afford a striking example.

The productions of this celebrated professor having seriously affected the mind of a young man, a Prussian officer, he was indebted to them for his return to virtue and religion, and for a long time was desirous of manifesting his gratitude to the author. Animated with these ideas, and finding himself at Leipzick, whither he had arrived to receive a considerable fortune, he sought an opportunity to form an acquaintance with Professor Gellert. They saw each other twice at the house of a mutual friend. On the third interview, being, by accident, a few moments alone, the stranger seized the occasion to accomplish his wishes. "Sir," said he, with great emotion, accompanied by an amiable embarrassment, "you do not know how much I am your debtor; indeed, I am greatly obliged to you, and earnestly request that you will accept this token of my gratitude, without the smallest acknowledgement." "At the same time," says M. Gellert, in his recital of this adventure to the Count de B——, "he slipped into my hand a paper containing some money. 'You my debtor, Sir? You, whom I never saw before, and to whom I never had an opportunity of doing the least service?' 'Oh! do not refuse me; take it, I

conjure you, take it; your writings have rendered me a better man; they have reformed my principles, and corrected my heart, and thus bestowed upon me a treasure more estimable than if I had gained the whole world. Use no further resistance, I beg; I wish no one to witness my gratitude, nor confusion.' I accepted the present," continues Gellert, "and was so much affected at the circumstance, that I was incapable of making any reply. On my return home, I experienced a fresh sensation; for, on opening the paper, I found there twenty louis. This emotion was not produced by the sight of the gold;—no, truly, gold could not excite a satisfaction equal to what I felt; it never penetrates to the soul. No, my dear Count, a confused thought, to which I dared scarcely deliver myself, because the Supreme Being was present to my imagination, the thought that I was not entirely useless to the world, a consoling voice, that told me inwardly *to be of good cheer*, that my life was not destined to glide away always in sorrow and dejection; it was this that excited so much emotion. 'Thou art then possest of sensibility,' said I, to myself. 'It is not impossible but that thou mayst again have thy feelings most sensibly wrought upon. Ah! thou would'st in thy turn most willingly bestow this gold on some worthy man, provided thou couldst always preserve the impression which this incident has produced on thee. There is nothing,' continued I, with an inward tremour, 'there is nothing so small but is under the influence of Divine Providence. May I not flatter myself that the Almighty has directed this for my consolation?* And what is not my happiness, to have *rendered better* one of my brethren!' I approached the window, and looked towards Heaven;—but we experience, at times, certain

* At this time, Professor Gellert was labouring under a depression of spirits, which neither reflection nor medicine could remove.

sensations, that we cannot, and that we ought not, disclose, even to our most intimate friends; for no sooner do we wish to express them, than we are restrained, lest there should be intermixed a degree of vanity. Suffice it, then, my dear Count, that I tell you, it was a most happy evening to me, and that I knew not how sufficiently to glorify God. My liberal and interesting young friend desired me not to communicate to the world what passed between us. No one, therefore, shall know it, except yourself and my sister." Thus was the mind of this young man corrected of the prejudices he had conceived against religion, by the reading of a few good books. He is now a distinguished officer, no less celebrated for the purity of his morals, than the extent of his attainments. He still, however, retains some traces of his former melancholy, but they do not ill become him; and ably instructed in the duties of his profession, he is resolved to live and to die a soldier. B.

INGENIOUS REMARK.

A gentleman at the table of the great Condé, having related several wonderful stories of a King of Persia, his Highness requested him to continue the recital of the life of so great a man; but the gentleman perceiving the servants had begun to clear the table during his narrative, in order to regain his lost time, replied, "This prince died suddenly."

REPARTEE.

Louis XIV. after having informed Mademoiselle, that he had fixed her marriage with Charles II. King of Spain, added, "I would not do more for my daughter." The young Princess, who thought the Dauphin had been intended for her, replied, "It is true; but your Majesty might have done more for your niece."

CHARLES EDMUNDS;

OR, THE FREETHINKER;

A NOVEL,

BY R. PORTER.

(Continued from page 363, Vol. XIV.)

CHAP. IV.

When Mr. Melville missed his son and nephew, and intelligence of the duel had reached his ears, after the first enthusiasm for their safety had subsided, he sent a letter to Mr. Edmunds, stating the circumstance, and desiring his attendance. Mr. Edmunds and his son William were seated by the fire-side, seriously discussing the points of his approaching marriage, when Mr. Melville's letter was delivered. From the satisfaction he had promised himself by the nuptials of his eldest son, the intelligence it communicated operated with a double effect. His dear Charles, the child of his heart, he fancied, might now be confined in a prison, loaded with irons, or wandering in a distant clime, far from his father and his home. Then giving the letter to William, he ordered his horse instantly to be saddled, and determined to set out that very instant for town. Upon his arrival there, on the following day, he learnt that the young men had not been heard of, and Mr. Melville was almost in despair. Every inquiry was made respecting them, and in every direction; at length they were traced to the sea-shore. The vessel they sailed in was known to have been wrecked, and the young men were supposed to have perished with the crew. This circumstance realized their fears, and the two fathers abandoned themselves to immoderate sorrow. A week passed on, and every hope was extinguished.

"They are lost to us, for ever," said Mr. Edmunds, one evening; "we shall never see them more." This remark was followed by a deep sigh, and a long silence ensued, which was broken by the entrance of a stranger. Mr. Melville looked up, "Good Heavens! 'tis my son!" said he; in an instant they were in each other's arms. "Where, where is my Charles?" cried Mr. Edmunds, alarmed at seeing young Melville unaccompanied by his son. "He is safe," was the answer. "Gracious Heaven!" exclaimed Mr. Edmunds, "thy mercies are over all thy works!" and sank upon his knees. After the first emotions of surprise were over, Edward related their adventures, and asked if Lord C—— was out of danger. He was imagined to be so, and his physician said, if appearances were not deceitful, he would be able to leave his room in the course of a fortnight. When Mr. Edmunds was told Charles did not intend to return of some weeks, he determined to go home, desiring Edward to acquaint his son, that he should expect him in a few days after he came to town. With a heart much lighter than when he left the Hall, Mr. Edmunds repaired to enjoy his domestic comforts, and the pleasures of retirement. The load of anxiety he had undergone was lifted from his heart, and he contemplated the marriage of his son William, which shortly succeeded, with all the transports of an indulgent father, whose greatest enjoyment was the happiness of his children.

We shall now return to Charles, whom we left engaged in administering misery and anguish to those who had been his benefactors; in which, alas! he too fatally succeeded.

Charles and Emily arrived early the next morning in the metropolis, and alighted at the lodgings which had been provided for them. After taking some refreshment, Charles told her, he would call upon his friend Melville, in whose house, to prevent suspicion, he should be obliged to pass the night, promising, on his way home, the following morning, to procure a clergyman, who should unite them

in the indissoluble bands of matrimony. Left to herself, Emily found much to censure in her behaviour, and she gave herself up to grief and unpleasant reflections, which were a little dissipated at the thought of soon returning to her father, the wife of her beloved Charles. Charles, in the mean time, was received with pleasure by his uncle and his family, and Edward delivered the message his father left with him, but with a warm invitation to spend a few days with them before he returned; this he willingly engaged to do, particularly when he learnt that Edward was to set out upon a visit to Bath the next morning, which furnished him with an opportunity of prosecuting his designs upon Emily, unnoticed and undisturbed. On the pretence of dining with some friends, he begged Mr. Melville to excuse him for that day, and, on the wings of expectation, he hastened back to his Emily. She desired to know, if he had seen the clergyman. "He will be here in the evening," answered he. Emily was much disappointed at his not coming with Charles, and seated herself down to dinner, with a heart heavy with anxious doubts and forebodings, which were but little relieved by the cheerful conversation of her lover. Hour after hour passed along, and Emily counted almost every minute, but yet no clergyman arrived. The clock struck five, and the seducer cursed the fellow, for an idle scoundrel, fifty times, but in vain; the evening was far spent, and Emily was still Miss Lester. "My dearest Emily," said Charles, "I am extremely provoked at this fellow's inattention, since it delays the period of my happiness. Yet, why need it? Are we obliged to wait until a fusty parson shall give his fiat to our union? No, my love; we are already united, in the face of Heaven; a few hours can make no difference; early in the morning, I will again seek a priest, who shall perform the customary ceremony. Then, my Emily, this moment make me happy; let us not postpone our happiness, since but a few words are wanting to confirm our marriage."

He who has rested all his earthly hopes upon one

single circumstance, and, when his expectations are at the highest pitch, at once finds himself deceived, and nothing but despair to be his future portion, might perhaps form some idea of the situation of the mind of Emily, at this speech. The man she loved had proved himself a villain; she saw through his whole stratagem, and the accomplished seducer stood exposed before her. Glowing with conscious dignity and virtue, she, with a look of mingled sorrow and anger, thus replied: "Never, Charles, shall your suit be granted. Emily Lester may be insulted and oppressed, yet, know, Sir, she shall always be virtuous. Enticed from my home, and my beloved parents, by one, whom misguided passion, in spite of reason, inclined me to esteem, I fear I have disgraced myself for ever; but now, Charles,—Mr. Edmunds, I mean,—that charm is broken, and I find I have foolishly trusted to a deceiver. Leave me, Sir; never will I be yours. The man who has so mean an opinion of my honesty, cannot think me a proper person for his wife." Charles made some reply, with fresh entreaties, but all in vain; Emily discovered his depravity, and was proof against his arts, and delusive protestations.

Wearied, at length, with her positive denial, Charles left the room; but for fear his victim should escape, he locked the door, and gave the key to the mistress of the house, desiring her to supply the lady's wants, but always to keep her safely confined. Emily slept not a wink that night, in reflecting upon her unhappy situation. The whole plan that was laid for her destruction was now unfolded; every expression of Mr. Edmunds disclosed his purpose, and she wondered that she had not earlier penetrated his design. The night, and part of the following day, elapsed, before she had determined how to proceed; nothing presented itself but trouble and disappointment; and the time passed away in tears, till the evening, when Charles again returned. His only hope was now either to persuade or to force her to his wishes; the first expedient, after several trials, he found impracticable, and he de-

termined to employ the latter. This was a dreadful trial for Emily, and when Charles took her in his arms, she filled the house with her piercing cries. Her entreaties were in vain; the brutal man was proceeding to extremities, and Emily considered herself as lost, when a thought struck her mind, and she instantly availed herself of it. "Oh! Mr. Edmunds, for God's sake, spare me! Leave me but until to-morrow, and I will be your's; spare me this night, to-morrow, I say, I will be all you wish." To this entreaty Charles willingly agreed, feeling, at the same time, much pleasure in seeing his scheme take effect. "She cannot," thought he, "escape; the window is many feet from the ground, and I think I can trust the woman of the house." Thus satisfied, after two or three forced kisses, he left the place. No sooner was he gone, than the disconsolate Emily began to form plans for her escape. Could she but return to her home, she thought she might yet be happy: how to accomplish this was now her aim. The daughter of her hostess brought in her supper, and she hoped to make her her friend. She drew two guineas from her pocket, which she offered to the simple girl, to get her a chaise, and assist her in making her escape. The sight of the money tempted the girl to concur in her views, who promised to procure a chaise, which was to wait at a certain place, in the morning, till a young lady should arrive to occupy it. Six o'clock was the appointed hour, and the load of misery, at the prospect of her liberation, was somewhat removed from her heart.

The night was passed in preparing herself for her journey, and gentle sleep again lighted not on her eye-lids. At the appointed time, Nancy unlocked the door. "My mother is asleep," she said, "and I have got the key of the street-door. Follow me, Miss; I will direct you to the chaise." Emily obeyed in silence; her heart danced in her bosom; and such was the hilarity of the moment, that the piercing air of a frosty morning was unfelt, in the belief that her troubles now drew to a close. They found

the carriage in waiting, and after giving the driver the necessary directions, Emily took her leave of the faithful girl, with many thanks, and the driver set off.

The roads were so very bad, that it was utterly impossible to finish her journey that day, and at night she found herself yet ten miles from her native place: her purse, too, was almost exhausted, after she had discharged her chaise, and she determined, the next day, to pursue her route on foot. But, alas! the fatigue she had undergone, joined to the anxiety of her mind, and two restless nights she had passed, made her unfit for such a task; and when she arose from her bed, at the inn, she discovered herself weak, comfortless, and ill. With feeble steps, she, however, commenced her walk; and, animated by the desire of seeing her parents, in the afternoon of that day, she reached the green lane that bordered the village, and the place where her sorrows began.

The sun was retiring down the horizon, the spire of her village church peeped through the trees, and the merry note of the blackbird spread happiness around. But Emily was sad; these tuneful notes agreed not with her feelings, and the unbidden tear stole down her cheek, at the recollection of the happiness she enjoyed when last walking in this place. Whilst she was engaged in these contemplations, the death-bell smote her ear; she started at the sound; her heart foreboded evil, and

> "Fear's trembling pencil, ever dipt in black,
> Paints to her mind strange images of woe."

It continued to strike, as if for a funeral; and, full of fears, Emily reached the gate which led to the house; her knees tottered, and her fainting heart "beat high against her side." An unusual bustle prevailed about the door; she stopped; a coffin was borne out; her father followed; groans of anguish burst from his breast. Emily sank upon the ground. "Oh? 'tis my mother!" cried she, and her harassed senses were buried in insensibility. When she was again restored to life, she found her father sitting by her bed. Her heart was oppressed with ago-

nizing sensations, as yet unrecollected, but as she more recovered, the dreadful certainty burst upon her memory. "Where, oh where is my mother?" cried she, to her father. Her question was answered only by sighs and tears, which served to convince her that her surmises were too just. At length, the good man cried, "Thy mother is no more. On my return from my duty, the fatal evening when I left you with that monster, Edmunds, I was surprised to find you not at home. Your mother and myself waited patiently, until evening, for your arrival; when, fearing for your safety, in a distracted state of mind, I set out in search of you. But, alas! all my endeavours were fruitless, and I returned disconsolate to the Parsonage. Your afflicted mother met me at the door with most anxious looks, and when she learnt that you and Mr. Edmunds had not been discovered, she became almost frantic with grief. 'Oh, the perfidious wretch!' said she; 'for all our kindness, has he thus requited us? He has robbed me of my daughter. Oh! my Emily; my lost, my dear, disgraced Emily.' The violence of her emotions burst a blood-vessel, and she was taken to bed with but faint hopes of recovery. The course of a few hours realized our fears, and at midnight your distressed, heart-broken mother was a corse. What was my agony, it is impossible to describe. For a time I was inconsolable; a few hours had robbed me of a wife and daughter." Here the worthy man burst into tears, and could scarcely be prevailed upon to let the body be removed from his sight. At the moment when the mortal part of his wife was upon the point of being conveyed to that bourne where the weary are at rest, he exclaimed, "Go, misguided child, and pay the last solemn duties to the parent you have destroyed." These words pierced Emily to the soul; her grief deprived her of utterance; and casting a look of love and contrition on her father, they joined the sad procession to the tomb. Alas! too credulous fair-one, may the perils you escaped, and the affliction you have undergone, operate as a warning to others, from fol-

lowing the impulse of momentary passion, without a thought of the consequences that may ensue.

(To be continued.)

ANECDOTE OF VOITURE.

THIS celebrated writer long maintained the most distinguished reputation in the literary world; and in private life, was no less extolled for his generosity, than censured, at times, for his excessive gallantry, and love of play. His friend Balzac sent to him one morning, to borrow four hundred crowns. Voiture immediately lent him the money, and wrote at the bottom of the note, "I, the undersigned, acknowledge myself indebted to M. Balzac, in the sum of eight hundred crowns, for the pleasure he has given to me, by requesting the loan of four hundred." He then gave the note to the valet, to be delivered to his master, with the money he required.

Some time after, Voiture himself experienced from a friend a similar act of liberality. Having lost 1400 louis, for which he had pledged his word, and having only a day to redeem his honour, he wrote to Costar, with whom he was upon the most intimate terms, "Send me, I pray you, quickly, two hundred louis, which I am in want of, to make up the sum of 1400, that I lost at play, yesterday. You know that I play no less upon your credit than upon my own." Costar sent him instantly the two hundred louis, with this answer: "I could not have thought it possible to enjoy so much satisfaction, for so little money. Since you play upon my credit, I shall at all times reserve funds to answer it. I moreover assure you, that one of my friends has always a thousand louis, which are as much at my disposal as if they were my own. I return you your acknowledgement, and am surprised that you should have thought any thing of the kind necessary, after the liberality you evinced the other day to M. de Balzac." These traits of kindness reflect greater honour on men of letters, than their most esteemed productions.

ANECDOTES

OF DISTINGUISHED FEMALES.

NO. V.

MARGARET DE FOIX.

THIS lady, the Duchess d'Epernon, rendered herself celebrated for her intrepidity in 1588. Her husband having, with much gallantry, defended the castle of Angoulême, the enemy, in order to possess themselves of it, conducted the Duchess to the gate of the citadel, threatening her with personal violence, if she did not prevail upon the Duke to surrender. Being brought near the ramparts, she, with the greatest intrepidity, exhorted her husband to defend himself, and not to be affected at her fate. The assailants, struck with so remarkable an instance of bravery in a female, treated Margaret with respect, and the Duke soon after receiving succours, she entered the castle in triumph.

THE DUCHESS DE LA VALLIERE.

IT is perhaps not generally known, that the picture of the penitent *Magdalen*, one of the *chef d'œuvres* of Le Brun, was painted after this illustrious female, whom she as closely imitated in the sincerity of her repentance, as by her frailties, in her earlier years.

LOUISA DE MARILLAC LE GRAS.

WE frequently find, that excessive grief leads to an abstraction from the cares and the pleasures of the world. This lady, upon the death of her husband, devoted herself entirely to acts of piety. She was instrumental in forming

a religious community under the name of *Sœurs Grises*, having for its object the succour of the poor during sickness and infirmity. This order increased in the catholic countries to three hundred establishments. Her charity extended to Foundlings and to the Insane. In allusion to her beneficence, Voltaire observes, "There is, perhaps, nothing greater upon earth than the sacrifice which is frequently made by the female sex, in the bloom of youth and beauty, and of high distinction, to relieve that accumulation of human misery, so common in hospitals, presenting a sight no less humiliating to our pride than revolting to our delicacy."

MARY LE JARS DE GOURNAI.

The literary annals of the sixteenth century exhibit the talents of this lady in the most favorable light. She was an enthusiastic admirer of *Montaigne*, who was so flattered with her commendation, that he called her *sa fille d'alliance*, and bequeathed to her all his writings. Mademoiselle de Gournai was worthy of this adoption; she was familiar with all the learned languages, and in the edition that she published of the Essays of Montaigne, she translated into French the quotations from the Greek, Latin, and Italian authors, with which the work abounds. The preface that she wrote is extremely curious, as having furnished Pascal with this ingenious idea of the divinity. "It is a centre, the circumference of which is every where, and the centre no where." She adopted an antiquated style, to which she was scrupulously attached. When the French Academy set about improving the language, she was violent in their condemnation. She used to say of these reformers, that "*their style was a* bouillon *of clear water, without impurity, and without substance.*"

ULRICA ELEANORA.

This virtuous princess, the daughter of Frederick III. King of Denmark, and mother of the famous Charles XII.

of Sweden, fell a victim to a malady, occasioned by excessive grief at the tyranny of her husband. Charles XI. had deprived a numerous body of his subjects of their property, by establishing against them a species of court of equity, called the Chamber of Liquidation. A crowd of citizens, ruined by this commission, paraded the streets of Stockholm, and came daily, but fruitlessly, to make known their distress at the gates of the Palace. The Queen, touched with their misfortunes, relieved their necessities to the utmost of her power. She gave them money, her jewels, her furniture, and even intrenched upon her wardrobe, for their support. When she had nothing left to bestow, she, with tears in her eyes, threw herself at the feet of her husband, to entreat him to have compassion on the wants of his subjects; to whom the King rudely, and most unfeelingly, replied, "*Madam, we made choice of you to bear us children, not to give advice.*"

Method of destroying the Smell and Effects of Putrid Meat.

EXTRACTED FROM THE FAMILY ASSISTANT.

First, put the meat intended for making soup, into a saucepan full of water; scum it when it boils; and then throw into the saucepan a burning coal, very compact and destitute of smoke. Leave it there for two minutes, and it will have contracted all the smell of the meat and the soup.

Secondly, if you wish to roast a piece of meat on the spit, you must put it into water till it boils, and after having scummed it, throw a burning coal into the boiling water as before. At the end of two minutes, take out the meat, and having wiped it well, in order to dry it, put it upon the spit.

REFLEXIONS ON LIFE AND MANNERS.

BY COUNT OXENSTIERN.

ON A CHANGE OF HUMOUR BY A CHANGE OF FORTUNE.

It is so common a thing in the world to see men who are raised to any dignity, change their manners, humour, views, and inclinations, that it ceases to surprise us. What folly, to forget one's self, and to know one's self no longer, on account of a change of fortune! What meanness, to neglect old friends, for the trifling brilliancy of a new fortune! It is to proclaim to the world, that our person is unequal to our fortune, and that the imaginary felicity of the latter is preferable to the real virtue of the former. One would almost say, that fortune is detrimental to the memory; for it is often observed, that the fortunate man forgets to-day the man who assisted him yesterday, and does not even recollect the name of him who benefited him in his outset in the career of his fortune. Gold is tried by fire, and man by prosperity: if the former stands the test, and the latter retains his senses amidst honours, they both approach to perfection.

Great God! what a miserable situation is that of man! In affluence, he knows nobody, and in misfortune, none know him; in prosperity, he seems to lose his good sense, and overwhelmed with misfortunes, he is looked upon as having none; in his elevation, he forgets himself, and in his own misery, no one thinks about him. Wise is he who, at the height of his felicity, remembers, that *fortuna citò reposcit dedit*, and who reflects, that old money, old wine, old books, and old friends, have a value worthy the esteem of persons of good taste, and good sense.

OF LIBERALITY.

All those who are possessed of wealth are able to bestow, but all those who are able to bestow do not know how to do it. This is a secret reserved for great minds, who consider to whom, when, and how, they should be liberal; instead of which, there are many who disoblige by the manner in which they give, and lose the merit of a gift, by the ill grace with which it is given. Those who affect to be generous, never bestow but with ostentation; whereas, true liberality is always the same, whether it be without witnesses, or in the sight of the world. There are others, who, seeing themselves, as it were, compelled to assume the character of being liberal, do it with so ill a grace, that their favours are rather an increase of affliction, than a relief. True liberality is ever accompanied by circumstances fit to render it perfect. It is real generosity only that knows how to season its benefits with every thing that can render them prescious. On this subject, I shall ever remember the incomparable Louis XIV. who, among a thousand good qualities which he united in his person, possessed the art, by manners infinitely gracious, of rendering those to whom he granted favours, uncertain, whether the favours he bestowed, or his manner of granting them, should be the principal object of their gratitude.

ON FLATTERY.

A philosopher was one day asked, which, of all the animals, was most terrible to man. Among the wild ones, replied he, it is the calumniator, and among the tame ones, the flatterer. It is certain, that the flatterer unites in his character many infamous vices: he is a liar, by saying things which he does not believe; he is a cheat,

for he speaks contrary to his own opinion; and a coward, because he dares not utter what he thinks: he is mischievous, for he pours oil on the fire of the self-love of others; he is impious, for he offers incense to the vices of his neighbour, and he is the secret enemy of those to whom he professes friendship, for, by his flattery, he encourages them in their bad habits. Flattery is the sugared venom with which the great are poisoned, who are but too often persuaded, that their vices are but imperfect virtues. It is astonishing that this vice has arisen in Courts to such a pitch, that without its aid an honest man can scarcely maintain his situation. In truth, self-love must have great power over men, since it can make us receive incense which we do not deserve, and feel obliged to him who derides us, by attributing to us qualities which we do not possess. I observe, that every one abuses flattery, but I see no one who is really angry with flatterers; so that there is something more than a probability to induce us to believe, that their profession will not cease until the day of judgement, when all vices will publicly appear.

CURIOUS EXPOSITION.

ACCORDING to vulgar tradition, the churches of Putney and Fulham were built by two sisters, who had but one hammer between them, which they interchanged by throwing it across the river, on a word agreed between them; those on the Surry side made use of the word *put it nigh!* those on the opposite shore *heave it full home!* whence the churches, and from them the villages, were called Putnigh and Fullhome, since corrupted to Putney and Fulham.

DIALOGUE

BETWEEN ME AND MY PEN.

Pen. Good master of mine, what have I done of late, to deprive myself of your good opinion? Here have I been lying, by the side of my old friend, the inkstand, in complete idleness, for the last fortnight; a time how long!

Author. Why, to tell you the truth, Mr. Pen, I have been so dull of late, that I have not felt able to write on any entertaining subject.

Pen. Well, sir; but surely a man of your fancy might hit upon some topic a little more lively; and you know my readiness to assist you with the best of my abilities.

Author. At present, I can think of nothing, except two or three trifles which I heard related at Tim. Touch's, the other evening; where it was agreed, that all those who could not sing must tell a story, but not a long one. Two persons were in this predicament; and they told the following anecdotes, rather than stories, as having happened to themselves, in the ensuing manner.

A lady having sung, told the company, she should beg the favour of a song from Mr. ***, the churchwarden. He began,—"Ladies and Gentlemen, in my capacity of Churchwarden, I have had more to do with parish-matters, and the church in particular, than ever I had in my life before. Towards the latter end of autumn, it was thought necessary to have the church-windows cleaned, and the glazier was ordered to send persons to do it. He did so; and those he sent, were his apprentice, and two men. While they were about the job, I happened to be going through the church, with the vestry-clerk, to examine the state of the pews, and overheard a debate amongst the window-cleaners, how they should manage about the

upper windows, as their ladders were not long enough to reach them; but I left the church before they had thought of any plan to accomplish it. When I went to church the following Sunday, I observed the upper windows looked very dull, though I thought no more of the matter then; when, to my great astonishment, the other day, the glazier's bill was sent in, and the identical windows charged as having been cleaned. When an audit was held for examining the accounts, it was thought necessary to send for Mr. Glazier, to explain his; which he could not do, as his people had told him the windows had all been cleaned; but, he said, he could send for his apprentice, who might be better able to explain it. Upon the question being put to him, he immediately answered, that they were certainly cleaned. "But," said I, interrogating the lad, "how could that be, when, if you remember, the ladders you had were not long enough to reach them?" "True, sir," replied the arch rogue; "very true; but we remedied that, sir, by *throwing the rags at the upper windows*, and getting them as clean as we could that way."

"Bravo! Mr. Church," said one; "Very well for a churchwarden," cried another; and the song again went round, till it came to a young lady; and she, not being able to sing, was compelled, in consequence of the imperative agreement they had made, to tell a story. It was this:—

"Last summer, having been to spend a day with a party at Hampton Court, and our plan being to make another day of it, we slept at the best inn in Hampton town; where, having remained after supper till about eleven o'clock, the party broke up for the evening, and I retired with my sister to our apartment. Here we indulged ourselves some time, in looking from our window into the garden. The night was serenity itself; the moon looked down from her throne of light, where no envious cloud was seen to dim her radiant glories; her beams fell on the trees and shrubs of the garden, sparkling now with dew,

which increased their delicious perfumes, whose fragrance reached our window, and enhanced our pleasure. Philomela, too, had found shelter in some tree very near us; and her pensive melody, so unusual to a London ear, and yet so ravishing, was poured forth to amuse us. We enjoyed this for nearly an hour, and probably should much longer, had not a roaring party of cockney gentlemen, who had not yet sought the arms of the god of slumber, rushed into the garden, to decide a wager respecting a sun-dial, which was in a distant part of it, and, by being so, enabled us to overhear the nature of the bet. It appeared, that one of them, more sapient than the rest, had wagered a bottle of wine, that he could tell what o'clock it was by the sun-dial, when the moon shone upon it, as well as he could at noon, when Sol was in the meridian. I scarcely need add, that he lost his bet; and that our more pensive and poetical ideas being thus broken in upon, we retired to rest, not very much pleased with the interruption." Here the company applauded the fair lady for her story; one said, he was sure she must be a poet, by her description of the night; another, that it was pity a lady, who could so well appreciate the singing of the nightingale, would not attempt to emulate her; and the whole cordially joined in a laugh, at the cockney's expence.

Here, Mr. Pen, the stories ended, and our party soon after broke up.

Pen. Master of mine, take me between your thumb and the two first fingers of your right hand, when we will commit what we have been talking about to paper, and our friend, the Editor, will not fastidiously quarrel with it, but consider it in its proper light, as a mere Holiday trifle.

NOBODY.

THE CRITIC.

NO. III.

ON FIGURATIVE LANGUAGE.

It is needless to enlarge upon the advantage of a proper use of figurative language. Yet some persons disdain to adorn their writings with figures, thinking their excellencies so transcendant as to be debased by ornament. However, granting them all the superiority of which they boast, I cannot help thinking, that we may as well seek the gold of science in a flowery path, as toil after it through a flinty wilderness. The possession of intrinsic worth is no argument for the exclusion of external decoration. Nay, it is rather a reason to the contrary; for that which is most valuable best deserves polishing. Sterling sense may not absolutely need rhetorical beauties, but they are not despicable. The robes of majesty add dignity to the king.

I would not be understood to commend an immoderate use of figures. They must generally be scattered sparingly, lest they should hide what they were intended to beautify. The pages of Hervey are so crowded with metaphors and comparisons, that his meaning is apt to sink, like Clarence, in a stream of luxury.

Having made this observation, which is equally applicable to all the ornaments of expression, I proceed to enquire more particularly when and how some of the principal figures are to be used.

Some are brought into action only when the imagination is to be amused, some only when the heart is to be touched, others are admissible at all times. To determine what figures come under these several denomina-

tions, I conceive it will not be useless to investigate their origin.

Figures have three different sources. Some have arisen from necessity, some from passion, some from the fancy. Those which have sprung from necessity, are metaphor, personification, and some others, which I do not intend to notice; as metalepsis, metonymy, synecdoche. Metaphor appears to have originated from a paucity of words. The first man who distinguished himself in war, was, very likely, called a *lion*, or a *thunderbolt*, as there could not be at that time such a name as *hero*. Personification seems to have had the same origin. It was natural for men, being most interested in those of their own species, to form words expressive of what related to them, before they troubled themselves about inanimate objects. It is evident that they have done so; for, even now, the words which express the common appearances of nature are generally those which designate some similar qualities of sentient beings. Do not the most illiterate among us speak of the *cheerful* appearance of the fields, the *gaiety* of the flowers, the *loveliness* of the prospect? These figures may be used indiscriminately, for every thing must give way to necessity.

The figures which arise from passion, are, apostrophe, vision, hyperbole, exclamation, and interrogation. Every one must have observed how natural it is for those afflicted by the death, or absence, of a friend, to address him as if he were within hearing. If there is any one ignorant of this, let him read the celebrated apostrophe of David, on hearing that Absalom was slain, and he will readily acknowledge it to be the true language of grief.

"Oh my son Absalom, my son, my son Absalom! Would to God I had died for thee, O Absalom, my son, my son!"

II. SAMUEL, c. 18, v. 33.

Hyperboles hourly burst from those who are under the influence of passion. Persons in distress are very apt to

exaggerate their misery. How often do we hear, "I am, surely, the most wretched being upon earth!" "Never was any one so unhappy as I am?" Those who are fixed with surprise or admiration, are ready to magnify the objects of their astonishment.

Vision, which represents absent objects as though they were present, is a figure very seldom used. It can never be introduced with propriety, except in extreme agitation of mind; as in the last scene of Venice Preserved, where Belvidera, hearing that Jaffier and Pierre are dead, exclaims,

"Ha! look there!
My husband bloody, and his friend, too!"

Interrogation is the vehement affirmation, or negation, of something, by putting it in the form of a question. It is generally expressive of indignation, as in the answer of Jaffier, when Pierre desires him to take an oath.

"When thou wouldst bind me, is there need of oaths?
Is coward, fool, or villain, in my face?"

OTWAY.

These figures are peculiar to passion. Interrogation, however, sometimes occurs in cool reasoning.

The figures which have their origin from the fancy alone, are comparison, allegory, and antithesis. These are to be used only when the feelings are quite unconcerned. They bear too great an appearance of art to be uttered by one impassioned, whose mind, stripped of all refinement, should exhibit only naked nature. Who, carried away with a torrent of rage, can stop to make a formal comparison? Who, burning with despair, can acquire coolness enough to go through an allegory? Or, who, overwhelmed with grief for the death of a friend, can trouble himself about the point of an antithesis?

Having thus shewn in what cases the several figures are to be used, I shall, in my next paper, consider under what restrictions they lie, in their respective departments.

R.

REVIEW OF FEMALE LITERATURE.

THE PROTESTANT'S MANUAL; OR, PAPACY UNVEILED *being a brief exposition of the Doctrines and Errors of the Church of Rome; by a Member of the Church of England. London, Charles Sharpe,* 1813; price 1*s.* or 9*s. a dozen to those who purchase to give them away.*

ALTHOUGH this department of our miscellany is usually devoted to the display of female genius, we are induced, from the importance of the subject before us, to deviate a little from our accustomed track. The claims of the Roman Catholics, during the present session of Parliament, have undergone a discussion that has interested all orders of the community, and created a well grounded alarm in the bosoms of those who have been educated in the principles of the Protestant faith. To such as are desirous of preserving the rising generation, and all those over whom they may possess the smallest influence, from the wiles of papacy, and the snares of priestcraft, this publication will afford peculiar satisfaction. They will be rendered sensible of the evils and probable consequences of Catholic emancipation, and be confirmed in those opinions civil, political, and religious, which have hitherto constituted the happiness, and formed the strength of their native country.

"Conscious that the great points of difference between the old and the reformed religion have been repeatedly stated, the author of the tract, under consideration, very properly conceived that a short, plain, and intelligible account of these religious distinctions, printed in a convenient form, and at a trifling expence, might be an acceptable present, particularly to the lower orders of the people. In a crisis, so momentous as the present, he observes, when the advocates for Catholic emancipation are so eager to press forward a measure pregnant with danger to the established religion of the country, it cannot but be highly useful to enable every man, of whatever rank in society, to judge for himself on a point, so essentially

connected with our best interests. He will see the grounds upon which the separation between the two churches originally took place. He will perceive how corrupt and degenerate the Church of Rome had become, how widely it had departed from the pure doctrines of Christianity, and how much more the Church of England, in its tenets, its discipline, and its influence, accords with the tenor and spirit of the gospel, "with the truth as it is in Jesus."

Impressed with these sentiments, the author developes the principal errors and doctrines of the Catholic persuasion, supporting his arguments in favour of the Protestant Church by such scriptural authorities as cannot fail of their effect upon unprejudiced and reflecting minds.

These topics being discussed with much perspicuity, and occasionally with some degree of force, he proceeds to treat the matter politically, and points out the extreme danger and impolicy of granting to the Catholics the concessions they require."

"It is a principle among the Catholics, in general, which has been acted upon for ages, that the Protestants being adversaries to the Church of Rome, her sons owe them nothing but ruin and destruction, and that the vilest means they can use for that end, are praise-worthy and glorious.

"Being taught then to consider the Protestants as heretics, and forbidden by their religion to make any confession to them, upon the ground that no man owes his enemy truth, as he would then owe him what may conduce to his preservation, the Papists, in their intercourse with us, consider perjury not only blameless, but necessary. Breach of oaths they esteem a virtue, and, in many cases, an absolute duty, when any thing of moment is to be opposed that is contrary to the law of the Church of Rome. Nay, any one who hath taken the oaths of allegiance and supremacy, according to their doctrine, commits a mortal sin, and puts himself in a state of damnation; but since their priests may dispense with the obligation, the crime is infinitely greater in *keeping* the oaths than in *taking* them. This Pope Martin V. declared in writing to Alexander, Duke of Lithuania—"Know," says he, "thou sinnest mortally if

thou preserve thy faith with heretics." *Apud Cochlæum, lib.* v. *Huss. Hussitarum.*

Such are the points explained in this pamphlet; which, as being but little known to those who are not interested in theological disquisitions, we strongly recommend to the attention of our readers. To the heads of families, and the conductors of our numerous seminaries, a cool and dispassionate perusal of it is indispensible; for, as the writer very emphatically observes, 'though it is not required that all men should be acquainted with those nice and futile distinctions which occupied the attention of former ages, and filled the world with so much elaborate and useless learning, it may justly be expected, and for this we have the sanction of Apostolical authority, that every one should be able to give a reason "of the hope that is in him."

The work, however, appears to have been hastily produced, and contains some typographical inaccuracies, which, we trust, will be corrected in the next edition.

VAUXHALL GARDENS.

THIS charming place of amusement, which, for a series of years, has excited very general admiration, is again open to public view. The improvements that it has undergone bespeak the liberality of the proprietor, and the respect that is due to his numerous visitors. Instead of gloomy walks and unsheltered alleys, which rendered the gardens at times cheerless and unsocial, the utmost brilliancy and comfort in every part prevail. The eye now dwells upon the festive scene with unmingled pleasure, and the mind contemplates its various attractions with peculiar delight. In short, whether we *promenade* the illuminated paths, where fancy appears to revel in full luxuriance, or perambulate the saloon, upon which the hand of taste has displayed its ornamental powers; whether we join the assemblage of beauty and fashion, that listen to the strains of harmony, or swell the graceful and more juvenile concourse who "frisk it light in frolick

measures," we are equally impressed with the fascination of a resort that realizes the fictions of Arabian invention.

THE
MIRROR OF FASHION,
FOR JULY, 1813.

The Dresses invented by Mrs. GREEN.

THE parterre, the hall, the saloon, and *boudoir*, are now decorated with all the favours of Flora; the rose has unfolded its beauties, and exposed its petals to the Sun, while the pink, the geranium, and the mignonette, not only scent the air, but ornament the border and the flower stand. Our females, imitating the luxurious bounty of nature, flaunt in the many hues of prismatic colors; no teint is too bright for their adoption; and the shuttle is applied to the loom in order to imitate the Tyrian glare of "olden" time.

Morning Dress.—A spencer of peach blossom, satin, trimmed with white, with a radiated band on the bosom of white satin, with falling collar of the same; turban hat, of straw, ornamented with flowers; muslin gown; and gloves of pale primrose.

Evening Dress.—Of real Grecian design; the material is of golden net, worn over a gown of rich white satin; falling from the shoulder in folds; head dress *à la Pomona*; white gloves and shoes.

We understand, that the distinguishing article of Head Dress among our *elegantes* in the first circles of Fashion is the Brunswick *Tour*, invented by WARD, of NEW BOND-STREET. The construction of this unique article is inimitably beautiful, as it forms the front hair complete: it requires no additional ornament, is affixed to the head in an easy, simple, yet secure manner, and approximates to nature so closely as not to be distinguished from the growing hair.

LONDON FASHIONS

for JULY 1815.

Published for the Proprietors by Cowie & Co Poultry.

THE
APOLLONIAN WREATH.

ODE TO SOLITUDE.

HAIL, pensive daughter of the skies!
Sweet soother of the adverse hour!
Companion of the good and wise,
Who bless thy soul-refining power.
Thy placid eye, and lofty mien,
Thy serious, yet unclouded brow,
Diffuse around a bliss serene,
A bliss yon boisterous world could never yet bestow.

When disappointment wrings the soul,
And buries deep her venom'd dart;
When gloom and grief, with dark controul,
Oppress the shiv'ring mourner's heart;
'Tis thine, O Solitude! to calm
The rankling horror of the wound,
To pour the peace-inspiring balm,
And bid the breast of woe with lighter thought be bound.

Come then, thou monitress divine!
With thee I'll seek yon sunless glade;
There thou hast rear'd thy sacred shrine,
And bless'd the consecrated shade.
There thou shalt teach me to despise
The follies of a wanton world;
And, pointing to yon cloudless skies,
Root from my breast the shaft by dark-ey'd malice hurl'd.

Lo! as I view, in deep delight,
Thy heavenly form, serenely mild,
Descending seraphs, rob'd in light,
Proclaim thee Virtue's fav'rite child.

Religion, too, with holy joy,
Crowns thee the daughter of her love;
And Wisdom oft, in raptures high,
Far from the haunts of men, with thee is wont to rove.

And yet there are who flee dismay'd
Thy presence terribly severe;
Of thee, and of themselves, afraid;
Ah! well thy two-edg'd force they fear.
Invested in a hideous gloom,
What terrors in thy train attend,
When, leagu'd with Conscience, thou dost come,
To tell the child of guilt, his woes may never end.

Oh! never, thus, avenging Power!
My shrinking, shudd'ring soul appal;
Oh! never, thus, the pensive hour,
Devote to Misery's darkest thrall.
Like Heaven, the friend of worth and truth,
The gentle chastener of the heart,
Oh! be it thine each grief to sooth,
And, 'mid the storms of life, the ray of peace impart.

May, 1813 LOUISE.

SONNET.

How soon, alas! the giddy fabric fades,
Which hope, delusive, paints unto the eye;
How soon corroding care the breast invades;
How soon, surcharg'd with woe, upheaves the sigh
Where peace once smil'd; perhaps but yesterday
Was sporting in the visionary bliss
Of joys to come; but, mark! one little day
Dissolves the spell, and misery's abyss
Yawns dreadful to the eye: he never
Shall realize the hope delusion form'd,
But sees, with rending pangs, and fears aghast,
His destiny to come black and deform'd,
And weeps, as, to the pleasures of the past,
He bids, with falt'ring voice, *farewell for ever.*

April 13th, 1813. J. M. B.

SONNET.

Oh, Time! who speeds with swiftest pinions on
With some, thy fleeting moments, that the flow'rs
Of sportive bliss rise lovelier from thy tread,
And laughing in thy train, the rosy-footed hours
Mingle in varying charms around thy throne,
And strew, with pleasure's smiles, *their* wanton bed.
But, ah! with me, spreading sepulchral gloom,
Thou dragg'st, with slow retarding weight, along
Thy leaden moments of deep care, that, like
The mildew'd blight on hope's gay blossoms, throng
Around thee fiends of dark despair, and doom
This breast to torture; yet delayest to strike
Thy victim of deep agonizing woe,
Who court'st, with suppliant sighs, thy threat'ning blow.

J. M. B.

TO THE PAST.

While memory endures,
Still will the varied past
The ardent schemes of hope allay,
And in each fleeting scene pourtray
Our destiny at last:
Man's fatal bane,
Who strives in vain,
To steep in Lethe's streams, regret, remorse, and pain.

Why do our thoughts recoil,
If social bliss inspire,
And pleasures new, and prospects bright,
And hope, and joy, and fond delight,
The throbbing bosom fire,—
To muse on thee,
And quickly flee
Thy cheerless, dull idea, for festive mirth and glee?

Why, oft, in solitude,
When midnight's silent gloom
Gives to each grief a deeper shade,
And fear, and dread, and death pervade,
Portentous of our doom,
Dost thou suggest,
In conscious breast,
Each guilty word, and deed, each guilty thought suppress?

Why shrinks the sinful soul
'Neath thy avenging ire,
As when black clouds the heath o'erspread,
And through the gloom gleams lightning red,
And rolls the thunder dire;
The traveller hies,
And trembling flies,
Some last resort to find, but sinks, dismay'd, and dies.

No bland oblivious balm,
Nor time's revolving years,
Nor fortune's ever-varying wiles,
Nor hope, with gay delusive smiles,
Nor sorrow's flowing tears,
Can peace impart,
To sooth the heart,
That rankles with remorse, thy deep invenom'd smart.

Lo! in yon grated cell
Reclines the woe-worn frame
Of him, yet young, whose youthful years,
Stain'd with affection's anxious tears,
End in unheeded shame.
His pale face gleams,
And threat'ning seems,
As now, of parents, friends, and home, he sadly dreams.

Thou, like the partial world,
When fortune sheds her smiles,
Each thought propitious canst suggest;
And from past toils we feel more blest,
Exempt from cares and wiles;

Yet dost oppress
Our wretchedness,
With unavailing grief, for former happiness.

C. H. S.

SONG,

For the Anniversary of the Charity Schools of Saint Clement Danes, June 3d, 1813,

BY J. M. LACEY.

TUNE,—*"On this cold flinty rock."*

THE heart that is dead to fair Charity's name,
Is unknown to an Englisman's breast;
In each British bosom bright burns her pure flame,
And age, want, and sorrow, are blest!
But infancy's hour still claims our best care,
Then pity weak childhood's sad fear;
Let your bounty free flow,
To sooth its sad woe,
And dry up despair's bitter tear!

Be it yours to enlighten the ignorant mind,
And pour sweet religion's mild ray,
Which beams from high Heaven, all pure and refin'd,
To check crime and misery's sway.
Thus infancy's hour, &c.

Do this, friends of childhood, and Pity's soft sigh
Shall rise in a blessing for you;
Delight shall illumine pale Want's clouded eye,
Delight,—to the mourner quite new!
For infancy's hour, &c.

LINES,

Occasioned by reading the melancholy Details of the unspeakable Sufferings of the Russians, during the Incursions of the French.

WRITTEN BY J. LILLY,

MASTER OF THE YOUNG GENTLEMEN'S SEMINARY,
HADLEIGH, SUFFOLK.

Is there a God, omnipotent and great,
Whose dreadful ire can crush a guilty state?
Can hurl Ambition from her tow'ring seat,
And lay her haughty vassals at his feet?
A God there is, all powerful, good, and wise,
Whose voice can shake the portals of the skies;
Whose potent arm th' avenging sword can wield,
And make whole nations to his mandates yield;
A God there is, beneath whose anger fell,
E'en dæmons tremble, in the depths of hell.
Say, then, thou tyrant! foe to human kind,
Whose crimes are spread, and borne on every wind,
Wilt thou presume Heaven's high behests to scan,
When truth proclaims thee monster, more than man?
Or, dost thou think that no superior power
Can blast the laurels of thy brightest hour?
A time there is, when chiefs and statesmen bend,
And all their triumphs in the grave must end;
When tyrants, too, whose savage souls, like thine,
Have brav'd all laws, both human and divine,
Must trembling yield to death's unerring dart,
Whilst conscience probes each secret of the heart.
Ah! canst thou hope, when this frail life is o'er,
And thy detested name is heard no more,
Thy blood-stain'd soul will dare to wing its way
To the blest mansions of eternal day?
Turn, turn thine eyes to yonder northern plains,
Where carnage stalks, and desolation reigns!
View there the horrors of thy vile retreat,
When conquest turn'd to slaughter and defeat.

By thee commission'd flew the flaming brand,
To cast destruction o'er a peaceful land.
Behold, where Moscow's towers once rose on high,
A mass of ruins catch the wand'rer's eye;
Where late the awak'ning trump was heard to sound,
Muscovy's sons by thousands strew the ground;—
Near those, what miscreants meet the aching eye,
Where Gallia's slaves by tens of thousands lie!
These were the hirelings of that tyrant's will,
Whose sword is drawn to plunder and to kill;
For whose ambition, on the Russian plain,
Where thousands bleed, and yet must bleed in vain,
Whole legions slumber in the shades of night,
And nature sickens at the ghastly sight!
From scenes like these, my country! may'st thou be
By heaven preserv'd, immaculate and free;
May Peace, ere long, her olive-branch expand,
And waft, through thee, her gifts to every land.
Britannia, then, once more, shall deign to smile,
And bless the subjects of her favourite isle;
Then all shall hope to see that blissful age,
When foe with foe no more a war shall wage;
Shall hope to see what sacred writ has told,
And what the bard proclaim'd, in days of old,
When bleeding nations should no more contend,
And slaughtering spears should in a plough-share end;*
When War's proud flag no more should be unfurl'd,
But Peace and Commerce cheer the drooping world.

"For the rest of the labouring man is sweet."
Funeral Sermon.

When evening shrouds the western sun,
And labour's busy task is done,
To him who, journeying through the day,
Has felt the noontide's scorching ray,

---

* Isaiah, chap. ii. verse 4.

And struggled on, with many a load,
Through desert path, and thorny road,
How sweetly glimmer from afar
The twinklings of the vesper star!
For now his long, long toils are o'er;
The heavy burthen galls no more;
On his rude couch, with panting breast,
The weary trav'ller sinks to rest.

So fares the Christian, wand'ring slow
Through troublous scenes of worldly woe:
Full many a combat, hard to win,
Shall storm without, and rage within;
And frequent sorrow, care, and strife,
Assault his pilgrimage through life.
But swiftly glides the rolling year,
The race is short, and refuge near;
The placid evening's welcome close
Shall lull him soon to glad repose;
And, ah! when all his toils are past,
How sweet the rest that comes at last!
In grassy grave, sepulchred deep,
His languid limbs for ever sleep;
His tow'ring spirit wakes on high
To bliss and immortality!

OSCAR.

NOTES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

OUR new Contributors, A. C. H. S. and Mr. Lilly, will perceive that we appreciate their correspondence by the ready insertion of their favours.

Nobody's *jeu d'esprit*, we were obliged to curtail; but, knowing the talents of the writer, we look forward to something more interesting from his pen.

We must decline the correspondence of Ferdinand, or Theodore.

Altidem, The Tears of Memory, M. and other articles, are postponed for want of room.

*** Letters should be sent *free* of postage.

BRITISH MUSEUM
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Sir J. Reynolds Pinx.

B.B. Cook fc.

Mrs PIOZZI.

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